

CBC  
CABBY HAYES

ACTION PACKED STORIES

# GABBY HAYES

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
  
AUTHORITY

No. 58

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



GIORDANO  
MASCIA

# GABBY HAYES

# HILL BILLY

NOT HOGGISH!



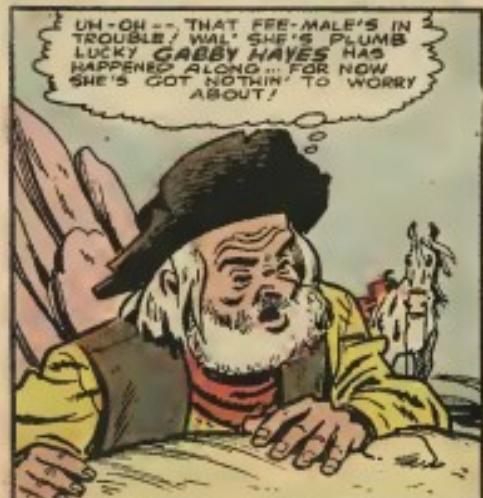
# GABBY HAYES



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# GABBY HAYES

## COULD'NT HAVE BEEN CLOSER



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

NOW, MA'AM, IT WRS  
JUST THAT I ---

YOU KNOW, MR.  
HAYES, WITH YOUR  
BEARD SHAVED AND  
YOUR SHIRT WASHED  
AND IRONED, I WAGER  
YOU'D BE A FINE FIGURE  
OF A MAN! TELL ME,  
MISTER HAYES, HAVE YOU  
EVER CONSIDERED SET-  
TLING DOWN AND MARRY-  
ING?

PLEASE, MA'AM --  
I-I HAVE TO BE  
TRAI\$IN' ALONG!  
GOODBY!

NOT GOOD-  
BY, MR. HAYES!  
JUST AU  
REVOIR!!



THAT NIGHT....

WHWEE! WHAT A NARROW  
ESCAPE THAT WAS!  
I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN  
CLOSER! BUT Tarnation---

WHY DOES SHE HAVE TO HAVE HER  
HEART SO SET ON MARRYIN'? SHE  
NEEDS PROTECTIN' -- BUT I'M TOO  
PLUMB SKEERED TO GET CLOSE TO  
HER BY MY LONESOME AGAIN!



MEANWHILE AT SAMATHA'S HOUSE....

I DECLARE -- THIS HAT I FOUND  
IS BEAUTIFUL! NO WONDER MR. HAYES  
WAS SO SMITTEN WITH ME!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, MANY  
MILES AWAY...

WHAT?! YOU DIDN'T GET THE HAT  
FROM THAT SCARECROW? YOU FOOLS!  
DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THAT HAT  
MEANS TO US? THAT'S NO ORDINARY  
HAT! IT'S WORTH MILLIONS!!



# GABBY HAYES

YOU KNOW THE RUCKUS RAISED BY OUR STEALIN' THAT GOLD MINE MAP LAST MONTH, AND HOW THE LAW'S BEEN HOSIN' AROUND EVER SINCE? WELL, I SEWED THE MAP INSIDE MY HOUSEKEEPER'S HAT! WITHOUT HER KNOWIN'—FIGURIN' TO LEAVE IT THERE TILL EVERYTHING COOLED OFF.

BUT YESTERDAY WHEN MY HOUSEKEEPER WAS RIDIN' ON THE TOP OF THE STAGE, THE WIND BLEW THE HAT FROM HER HEAD, AND WHEN I SENT YOU MEN OUT LOOKIN' FOR THE HAT, YOU REPORTED YOU SAW THIS SAMATTA LICHES PICK IT UP AND CLAP IT ON HER OWN BONY HEAD!

SO TODAY I SENT YOU OUT TO GET IT FROM HER! JUST ONE LONE FEMALE, AND YOU COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED! BAH! I SEE WHERE I'LL HAVE TO GO WITH YOU THIS TIME---NOW MOUNT UP, FAST!



AFTER A HARD RIDE

THAT'S HER HOUSE, BOSS!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



JUST STAY QUIET, MA'M -- AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

THERE IT IS, BOSS!

I TOLD YOU TO STAY QUIET, MA'M!



STOP! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING MY BEAUTIFUL HAT?



# GABBY HAYES

I RECKON THE LADY CAN  
SPEAK UP IF SHE WANTS!

GABBY  
HAYES!!

HAND OVER THAT HAT--  
I'M RIGHT CURIOUS TO  
SEE WHAT MAKES YOU  
WANT IT SO BAD!

RUSH HIM,  
MEN! IT'S  
ALL US  
AGAINST ONLY  
HIM!



CAN'T SHOOT!  
SAMATHA'S SQUARE  
IN MY LINE OF FIRE!

BUT THEN



HALT!  
TAKE THEIR  
GUNS, GABBY!



I CAME WITH A FRIEND OF MINE, MA'AM!  
I FELT YOU NEEDED PROTECTIN' REAL  
BAD. AND I FELT HE WAS THE MAN TO  
DO THE PROTECTIN'. YOU SEE -- JUD'S  
BEEN ACHIN' TO GET MARRIED FOR A  
LONG SPELL, BUT HE'S BEEN TOO SHY  
TO ASK ANYBODY!

WHEW! THAT COULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN CLOSER!



THE END

## CHUCK WAGON GUS



GABBY HAYES

# GABBY HAYES

ON THE MAIN STREET OF RAWHIDE MAY BE SEEN (AND HEARD) GABBY HAYES.

I WAS THE MOST DARING, MOST FEARLESS TONY EXPRESS RIDER THAT EVER FORKED A SADDLE!

MAJOR'S OFFICE



INSIDE THE MAJOR'S OFFICE,

LISTEN TO  
GABBY BRAS!



SINCE GABBY CLAIMS TO BE SUCH A GREAT TONY EXPRESS RIDER, I'LL SEND HIM TO THE GOVERNOR WITH A MESSAGE.

CAN YOU TRUST HIM, MAJOR? HE'S SURE TO LOSE IT!



WELL, IT'S ONLY A BIRTHDAY GREETING, BUT IT'LL PLEASE THE GOVERNOR. IT'LL BE WELL TO KEEP ON THE GOOD SIDE OF HIM IF HE'S RE-ELECTED.



GABBY!

AT YOUR SERVICE,  
MR. MAJOR!



THIS MESSAGE MUST GO TO THE GOVERNOR, FRONTO!



I'LL GUARD IT WITH MY LIFE.



THE MESSAGE WILL GO THROUGH!



# GABBY HAYES

AFTER GABBY DEPARTS ...

NOW I'VE GOT A MESSAGE  
TO SEND TO MY  
OPPONENT. LISTEN:

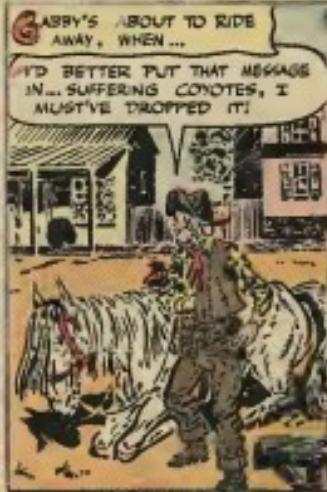
YOU'RE SUCH A FRAUD  
AS I SUSPECTED.  
I HOPE YOU NEVER  
GET ELECTED.

THAT'L SINCE  
HIS EYEBALLS,  
HO, HO!

I'LL SEND IT  
TO HIM AFTER  
LUNCH.  
COME ON.

GABBY'S ABOUT TO RIDE  
AWAY. WHEN ...

I'D BETTER PUT THAT MESSAGE  
IN... SUFFERING COYOTES, I  
MUST'VE DROPPED IT!

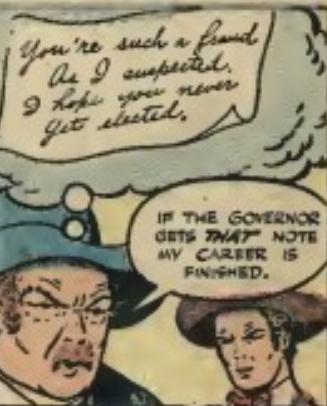


HE RETURNS TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE AND PICKS UP THE WRONG MESSAGE.



PRESENTLY THE MAYOR COMES BACK.

WHERE'S THAT NOTE?  
GABBY GOT IT.  
SAID HE WAS  
TAKING IT TO  
THE GOVERNOR.



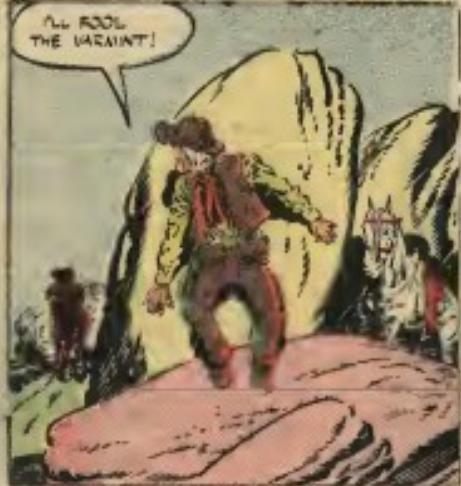
THE MAYOR PURSUDES HIS SPECIAL MESSENGER.



HARK! HOOTS!  
SOME OWLHOOT  
IS AFTER ME!



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

WELL, IT'S A LITTLE MUSSED, BUT I GOT IT HERE.



A LITTLE LATER, THE MAYOR RIDES UP!



WHY SHOULDN'T HE HAVE GIVEN IT TO ME? THOUGH TOWN, IT IS A NICE GESTURE. I, THE GOVERNOR, THANK YOU!



THE GOVERNOR COMPLIES!



DAYS LATER ...



Luckville  
Pioneer  
newspaper  
MAY 1865  
FREDERICK  
HORNUNG

GABBY HAYES APPOINTED  
After his re-election the Governor announced he had appointed Gabby Hayes to the post of Honorary Pony Express Rider.

# GABBY HAYES

# HILL BILLY

CORRECT ANSWER!



# Meet Sheriff Mac Monrego in “Avenging Arrows”

Peter Lowery was a happy cowboy as he rode his black stallion slowly along the road to Newton City. He had carefully saved part of his wages each month to buy a new russet stock saddle. Everybody knew that Padgett Brothers, down in Dallas, Texas, were the best saddle makers. There was a slight noise but it never reached his ears. An arrow hit him he tumbled off his horse. He was dragged for a few feet. Then the horse turned and the foot was released. The puzzled animal looked at the man on the ground. Quickly the stallion dashed along the road to Newton City.

"The West is growin' up mighty fast," complained a stout middle-aged man who wore on his open vest a deputy sheriff's badge. "In a few more years no more open range. Then what are the cattle men goin' to do? Fight each other?"

His words went into the right ear of his boss, Sheriff Mac Monrego. The famous sheriff of the West was strikingly handsome. Six feet two inches in his socks, weighing about 182 pounds, broad-shouldered, slim hipped, muscularly powerful, fast as the proverbial cat, he could be relaxed and tense at the same time. His flaming red hair contrasted with his somewhat dark skin. For through his veins ran the blood of two proud families. The Monrego family had been famous in Castile for centuries. And the O'Rourke's had been equally well known in Ireland. Bridgett O'Rourke had fallen in love with Don Sebastian Monrego, who had made a business trip to Ireland. With the blessings of both families they had been married and then migrated to the New World. Their only offspring was known as the most fearless law officer on this side of the Rio Grande.

The sheriff was about to reply to his deputy when the door to his office opened suddenly.

"Riderless horse just come into town," said Mike Burrows. "And I'm abettin' that horse belongs to Peter Lowery. Something must have

happened to him. Some blood on the side of the saddle."

Within five minutes, the sheriff, his deputy and a half dozen volunteers were in the saddle. The horse seemed to sense just what they wanted and turned around. The men followed the horse until the animal stopped. They dismounted and found the lifeless cowboy.

"The Injuns are a-lookin' for trouble," snarled Mike Burrows. "Must have robbed him."

The body was placed on the animal and the group headed back to town.

"Why not go straight out to the Bar-X ranch where he worked?" suggested one of the men. "His boss, Ben Binder, should know of this outrage."

"Ev," ordered the sheriff to his deputy, "you take Lowery to Doc Hilladay. I want that arrow. I'll look around here myself and see what clues I can find."

So the deputy, Ev Kimball, went back to town with the boys and the late cowboy. Sheriff Mac Monrego dismounted and examined the ground carefully. His keen eyes saw the imprint of two moccasins. Then he found the imprints of a horse that told him it must be an Indian mount. For the braves of Chief Long Feather's tribe did not have horeshoes on their ponies. They tied each hoof with a strip of buffalo. Satisfied with what he had learned he rode back slowly to Newton City. He wanted time to think alone about this tragedy.

"There's the arrow," remarked Doc Hilladay. "Know what this means, sheriff? The folks around here will want to go on the war path and teach the redskins a lesson. Run them right off their lands. It means a lot of trouble."

The sheriff left the doctor's office and returned to his own place. There he was greeted roughly by Ben Binder.

"Those blasted redskins got one of my best riders. What are you going to do about it? If they get away with this, not one of us will be safe. We can run them right off their grounds. Just say the word and my boys are at your command."

"All that we have at present is merely the fact that an arrow killed Peter Lowery," replied the sheriff. "We have to get the man who shot that arrow."

"If you got eyes in your head you would have searched the spot where it happened," snapped back the owner of the Bar-X ranch. "Sure, there must have been some clues left behind."

Sheriff Mac Monrego thought quickly as he was about to answer. It might be best to tell exactly what he found.

"I found two clues. Moccasin prints and the fact that an Indian pony was used. I am going out to see Chief Long Feather and hear what he has to say."

"That lyin' redskin will deny everything. But I know he won't fool you," conceded Ben Binder.

It was late at night when the sheriff rode into the Indian camp. Several fires were still burning. An Indian brave took his mount and the law officer was escorted to the tepee of the chief.

"Welcome, my friend," greeted a thin old man. "Many moons have passed since my eyes saw you. It must have been important for you to come at this hour."

Sheriff Mac Monrego handed the chief an arrow. He quickly explained what had happened.

"The arrow is one used by my braves. But why should we want to kill any man? Are we not dependent upon you for protection and for food when the winter becomes too cold? The buffalo hunts have not produced much in the past three years. Either the arrow was lost or stolen. I shall assemble my braves and tell them what happened."

The drums were beaten and soon all the Indians came to hear what their beloved and respected chief had to say. They were frightened, for the implication of what might follow was clear.

"I am going to ride back to town tonight," said the sheriff. "I have a feeling somebody else will be attacked. And I think I know the reason. Definitely to put the blame on you and force you and your people off your land."

For the next week things were peaceful and then late on a Friday afternoon another riderless horse came into town. The sheriff and a group of volunteers went out again. This time

they found the lifeless body of Mike Burrows. And another arrow! The temper of the men was bitter and without a word they rode in all directions. The sheriff knew what they were planning to do. Get their friends together and drive the Indians off their land.

In the morning the town of Newton City was full of armed cowboys, miners, and even some of the new settlers.

"There comes a time in the West," shouted Ben Binder, "when we got to be our own vigilante group. Either you are with us or against us, sheriff."

The answer came as a complete surprise to the owner of the Bar-X ranch.

"I want justice more than anyone here. For I have taken an oath to enforce the law. And that I will do. I will ride with you to the Indian village. But before you do any shooting, I want to do some talking."

The sullen group of men rode behind the sheriff. They would have much preferred that he remain behind. Then with rifle and six-shooter they could have finished every redskin. Now it might be different. When they came to the village not an Indian was to be seen.

"The cowards are inside their tepees," shouted Ben Binder. "Let's give them a lesson they'll never forget. They got two of our men. Now we'll get 'em all."

Suddenly a bugle sounded. The flaps of the tepees were thrust aside and a group of soldiers under the command of Captain Henry J. Thorn assembled before the astonished eyes of the mounted men. The army officer went over to Ben Binder.

"You are under arrest for the murder of two men and for illegally invading an Indian reservation."

"He's crazy, sheriff," protested Ben Binder. "Explain things to him."

"That I did," was the unexpected answer. "You stole arrows but the wrong ones. The shape of an iron head indicates its use. Hunting arrows have long, tapering blades. The war arrow has a short, sharp blade, like a lancet. No Indian would attack a man with a hunting arrow, but only with a war arrow. Mistake number one. You wore moccasins but the Indian toes inward, and you toed outward. You were seen by a group of braves during the second ambush. Why? Because you found out there was coal on the land and wanted it for yourself. My reliable deputy went for the soldiers. Anything to say?"

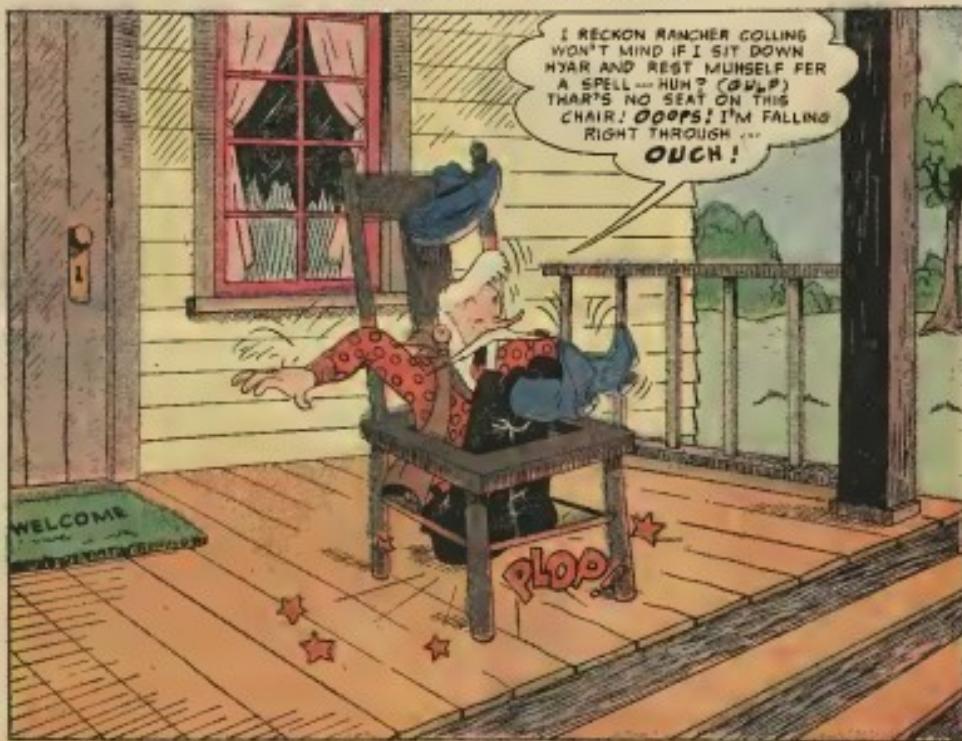
And what can a man who knows he is doomed say?

THE END

GABBY HAYES

# Whitey Whiskers

"STICKS TO A JOB"



WHAT'S THAT NOISE - HUH?  
OH, IT'S YUH, WHITEY  
WHISKERS! HA, HA, I SEE  
YUH FELL THROUGH THE  
BROKEN CHAIR!

(GROAN)  
YEAH! NEXT TIME  
I'LL LOOK BEFORE  
I LEAP, ER, I  
MEAN BEFORE  
I SIT!

I RECKON YUH OUGHT  
TUH GIVE ME A DOLLAR  
FER MY BRUISED FEELINGS  
--- AND MY BRUISED  
CARCASS!

ALL RIGHT,  
I'LL GIVE YUH  
A DOLLAR...

---IF YUH FIX THE CHAIR,  
I WUZ JEST GOING TUH DO IT  
MYSELF, BUT I'LL LET YUH DO  
IT AND EARN YORESELF THE  
BUCK! WHAT DO YUH SAY?

I'D RATHER GET  
THE DOLLAR WITHOUT  
FIXING THE CHAIR,  
BUT I'M IN A PRETTY  
BAD FIX FER MONEY,  
SO I'LL DO IT!

# GABBY HAYES

GOOD! I HAVE SOME CHORES TUH DO:  
TAKE THE CHAIR INSIDE THE KITCHEN;  
YUH'LL FIND EVERYTHING YUH NEED IN  
THAR--BOARDS, A SAW AND A POT OF  
GLUE! TAKE ONE OF THE BOARDS,  
SAW OUT A PIECE THE SIZE OF THE  
CHAIR SEAT AND GLUE IT ON!  
IT'LL BE EASY!

OKAY!

WAL, THAR'S THE BOARDS  
AND THE SAW; AND THAR'S THE  
GLUF ON THE STOVE BEING  
WARMED UP! I CAN'T WAIT  
TILL I GET THAT BUCK;  
I'LL MAKE THIS A  
REAL FAST JOB!



# GABBY HAYES

ONCE AGAIN WHITEY WHISKERS  
POESN'T BOTHER MEASURING  
AND JUST DEPENDS ON HIS  
EYES.....

(GULP) THIS  
PIECE IS MUCH  
TOO BIG!



SHUCKS, I RECKON I'LL  
HAVE TUH MEASURE THE  
RIGHT SIZE AFTER ALL.  
IT'S SHORE A GOOD THING  
THAR WUZ A FEW  
BOARDS AROUND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.....

JEST RIGHT—AT LAST!  
I RECKON I WOULD HAVE  
SAVED TIME, IF I HAD  
MEASURED IT AT  
THE START!



I OPINE THE BLUE'S  
BEEN HEATING LONG ENOUGH!  
IT SHOULD BE LOOSE  
ENOUGH BY NOW!



IT'S PERFECT!  
AND LOOK AT THIS  
NICE NEW BRUSH!  
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE  
TUH USE IT!



OUCH! THIS IS HOT!  
MEBBE I SHOULD BRING  
THE CHAIR AND BOARD OVER  
HYAR INSTEAD OF CARRYING  
THE GLUE OVER THAR!  
AW, I'M TOO LAZY  
TUH GO BACK NOW!



OOPS, I'M STEPPING  
ON SOMETHIN' (GULP)  
I'M LOSING MY BALANCE!  
I'M FALLING!  
HELP!



# GABBY HAYES



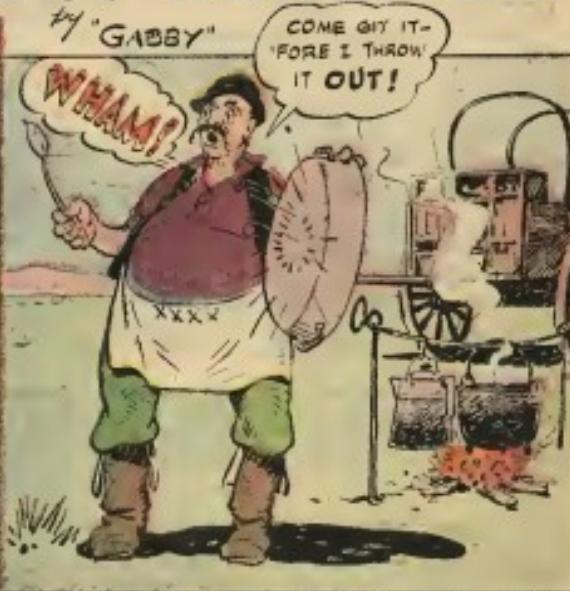
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# GABBY HAYES LONGHORN LEGENDS

## The EVOLUTION of the COWBOY HAT

EACH AND EVERY PART OF THE COWBOY'S TOGS (CLOTHES) CAME INTO BEING FOR HIS OWN INDIVIDUAL USE - THEY WERE MODELED THROUGH YEARS OF TRIAL AND ERROR!

WHILE STYLES AND TYPES FOR DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE PLAINS VARIED, STILL THE SAME GENERAL SCHEMIS EVENTUALLY APPEARED, PROVEN BY ITS PRACTICAL USE, COMFORT AND SIMPLICITY.



COME ON, GABBY - I'LL RACE YOU TO THI - OH - OH! THERE GOES MY HAT!

REMIND ME SOMETIMES, TO TELL YOU HOW THI COWBOY GOT HIS TEN GALLON HAT!



ALL RIGHT, GABBY - TELL ME HOW COMIN TH' COWBOY'S TEN GALLON HAT - AND MAKE IT GOOD!

BUTTONS, - YOU'VE GOTTA LOT TO LEARN ABOUT COWBOYS N COWBOY WAYS...

...BUT, I PROMISED YOUR PAW I'D LEARN YOU - SO HERE GOES ...



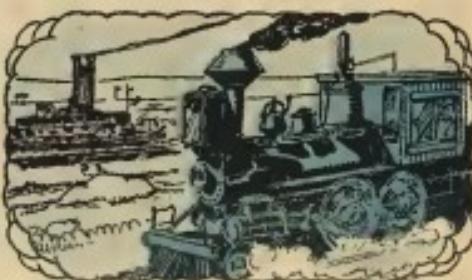
# GABBY HAYES

"BACK IN TH' GOOD OLD DAYS, THIS WAS MAN'S COUNTRY - CHUCK FULL TO OVERFLOWIN' WITH BUFFALO, LONGHORN CATTLE, INJUNS, AND GUN TOTIN' HE MEN -- LIKE I YAM..."



"SOME OF 'EM LOOKIN' BACK OVER THUR SHOULDERNS - A RUNNIN' AWAY FROM TH' LAW! SOME JES' KIDS LIKE YOU, SEEKIN' ADVENTURE! I WAS ONE OF THEM KIDS - (CHUCKLE)"

"THEN OLD TIME HOMBRES COME FROM ALL PARTS OF WHAT WAS THEN TH' UNITED STATES - YEH - AND FROM FURRIN' PARTS AS WELL. THEY WOULD COME AS FER AS SAINT LOUISE BY TRAIN, OR BOAT. SAINT LOUISE BEIN' TH' JUMPIN' OFF PLACE, YOU MIGHT SAY!"



"SOME WEARIN' CITY CLOTHES - SOME WEARIN' JES' PLAIN HOME SPUN. BUT, ALL HATS WUR MADE FROM BEAVER FUR - ONLY THING A HAT COULD BE MADE OF AT THAT TIME - SHORE WAS TH' DAY FOR BEAVER TRAPPERS AND BUFFALO HUNTERS."



"BUT, AFTER A FEW DAYS OF BREAKIN' A BRONK, CHASIN' BUFFALO, OR JES' RIDIN' TH' BUSH - THEM HIGH-WATER BEAVER HATS SHORE DID PERISH."



"TH' BROAD RIM FLAT CROWNS THET WUR WORN BY COUNTRY BOYS - THEY STOOD UP TO TH' WEAR AND TEAR RIGHT WELL - CONSIDERIN'! WE CALLED THEM "TH' FORTY NINERS" EZ MOST UV THEM WUR WORN BY FELLERS WHAT WENT IN FER MININ' AN' SECH."



# GABBY HAYES

"ABOUT THET TIME, EZ I RECILLECT IT, A CITY FELLER - A HAT MAKER BY PER-FESHUN - COME OUT TO SEE TH' WILD WEST! WELL, SIR, RIGHT AWAN HE SEE'D WE NEEDED A SPESHUL HAT -

"HE DIDN'T STAY WITH US LONG - WENT RIGHT BACK TO TH' CITY AND IN NO TIME HE WUZ BACK WITH A NEW KINDA HAT! WE NAMED IT TH' 'HOSSMAN'S HAT' - IT HAD A NARROW STIFF BRIM WITH A LOW CROWN - KINDA DRESSY -



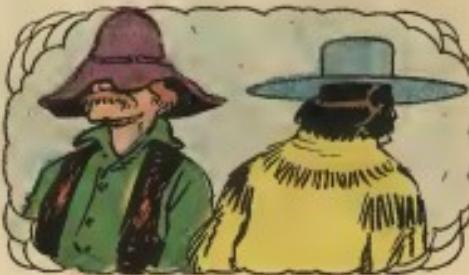
"TH' BOYS DIDN'T JEG ZACTLY TAKE TO THIS HAT! IT DIDN'T KEEP TH' SUN OUTA TH' EYES, AND THAT STIFF BRIM WUZ ON-COMFORTABLE! AS FER TH' CROWN - WELL, IT WUZ WUTHLESS - WOULDN'T HOLD A SPOONFUL O' WATER! -



"SO THET HAT MAN TRIED AGIN! THIS TIME HE SHOWED UP WITH A WIDE BRIM AND TH' CROWN HIGHER -- AND IT WUZ MADE OUTA SOME KINDA STUFF HE CALLED FELT. IT WUZ ALL HUNKY-DORY WHEN NEW - BUT AFTER WEARIN' IT A WHILE, IT GOT SO FLOPPY IT WUZNT PRACTICAL -



"NEZZIE, THET HAT LACKED SOMETHIN'! THEN, ONE DAY THET HAT MAN SEEDED ONE OF TH' BOYS HAD STRINGS TIED TO TH' BRIM AND RUN UP OVER TH' CROWN -- THIS HELD TH' BRIM UP! ALSO, HE SEEN ANOTHER CO-BODY WATERIN' HIS HOSS OUTA HIS HAT! -



"SAYIN', 'I GOT IT NOW!' THET HAT MAN RUSHED BACK TO TH' CITY AND IN A FEW WEEKS HE RETURNED - WITH A WIDE ROLLED RIM THAT DIDN'T FLOP AND A HIGH CROWN! A HAT THAT LOOKED LIKE A CROSS 'TWEEN A MEXICAN SOMBRERO AND A UMBRELLA - WELL SIR I THOT TH' BOYS WOULD DIE LAFFIN' AT IT - GOSH, BUT IT WUZ A WHOPPER! -



# GABBY HAYES

"BUT, BOG-MY-CATS - IFN TH' BOYS DINNIT  
TAKE TO THET NEW HAT LIKE A DUCK TAKES  
TO WATER - THEY JES STAMPEDED TH' MAIL  
ORDER HOUSE FER THEM SOM-BER-REROS! -



"WE NAMED IT "TM" TEN GALLON STATE!"  
VEEIR, THET HAT WUZ JEE WHAT WE WANTED -  
WE COULD USE IT FER A WASH PAN . . .



"OR COULD WATER OUR HOSSES - OR USE  
IT FER TO DRINK OUT OF OURSELVES!



"IT WUZ A ALL ROUND WEATHER HAT - IN TH'  
SUMMER, TH' HIGH CROWN PERFECTED OUR  
HANDS FROM TH' HEAT - AND TH' WIDE RIM  
PERFECTED US FROM TH' GLARE OF TH'SUN!  
ALSO, IT KEP US DRY FROM TH' RAIN - AND  
IN TH' WINTER, WE TIED OUR HANDKERCHIEFS  
'ROUND TH' TOP - IT MADE A GOOD CAP!



"VEEIR, WHEN WE WUZ DRESSED UP IN ONE OF  
THEM TEN GALLON HATS, FANCY BOOTS, RIDIN'  
A FORTY DOLLAR SADDLE ON A SIX DOLLAR  
BRONK, WE WUZ SHORE CUTIN' KEEN.



"BUT, THEM NEW SOM-BER-REROS MADE OF  
FELT SHORE BROUGHT ON A LOT O' FUDDIN':  
YOU SEE, BY USIN' FELT INSTEAD OF BEAVER-  
FUR- BEAVER BELTS WUZNT WUTH A PLUGGED  
NICKEL! THI TRAPPERS GOT ON THI PROB EVERY  
TIME THEY SEEN ONE OF THEM TEN GALLON  
FELT HATS - AN DOGGONE IFIN THEY WOULDNT  
UP AND SHOOT 'EM FULL OF HOLES!



# GABBY HAYES

"NATCHALLY, THIS SHOOTIN' OUR HATS FULLA HOLES  
MADE US COWBOYS SORRY -- WE WENT IN FOR  
SOME REAL SERIOUS FUEGIN' - LEAD SHORES  
WUZ FLIN' ROUND PERMISSINS!"

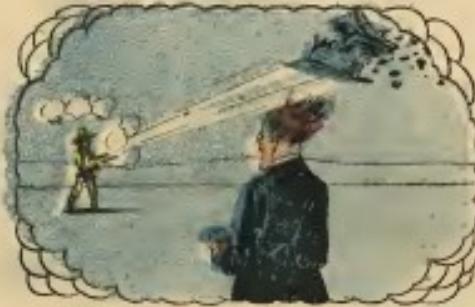


"THET EPISODE MADE ME SO MAD I WENT OUT  
HUNTN' FOR ONE OF THRM STOVEPIPE TOTIN'  
HOMBREs - I FOUND ONE! AN', I SHURE DID  
ME A JOB ON THAT FELLER'S WAR BONNET!  
BUT - IMAGINE MY MORTIFICATION WHEN I FOUND  
OUT HE WUZ A SKY - PILET .

"WHY, I REMEMBER ONE TIME I HAD MY HAT WHIT-  
TEL DOWN TO MY CHIN - IT WAS REAL  
EMBARRASSIN' .



"WELL, THET PUT A STOP TO GIVE FUEGIN'! SHOOTIN'  
UP A HOMBRE'S HAT WHICH AINT TORN NO BIG-GUN -  
LET ALONE HIM BEIN' A SKY - PILET. JESUS WUENT  
WESTERN ETHET - BUT THE EL - PILET INJA A GOOD  
SPORT, EN HE SHOWD US HOW HE COULD STOP  
LEAD SLINGIN' BY CHANGIN' TH' STYLE OF OUR  
HATS SO'S IT WOULDN'T BE SO TEMPTIN'! WE  
CALLED IT TH' 'MONTANA CRUCH'.



"SOME UV TH' BOYS DRAFTED SOUTH TO TH' BORDER,  
AND WHEN THEY COME'D BACK, THEY WORE TH'  
CROWN OF THUR HATS PEAKED OR POINTED  
AT TH' TOP - AN' THEY WUZ HINDA UPPITY ON  
ACCOUNT THEY HAD DONE SOME TRAVEL-LIN'!  
WE CALLED THAT " CUTTIN' TH' REO" -  
MEANIN' THEY HAD BEEN DOWN MEXICO WAY !



"WHICH I CRAVED TO DO - AFTER HEARIN' THUR TALES  
'BOUT TH' AMERICAN SEE - NOR - EATIN', SUNSHINE,  
AN' GITTAH PLAYIN' GAY - CAB - A - LEROY'.



# GABBY HAYES

BET I RECKON ABOUT TH' BEST USE WE MADE OF  
THEM TEN GALLON SUN-BR-ARRROS - -

...WUZ CAPTURIN' RATTLE SNAKES ALIVE --  
YEEHAW, IN THEM DAYS THEY WUZ A ART!



"WE'D BOTTLE THEIR PITEN UP REAL FANCY  
LIKE, AN' SAVV IT."



# GABBY HAYES

## ABSENT-MINDED ABERNATHY "THE CAT'S MEOW!"



SHUCKS, WHERE'S (ROAN) I SUPPOSE OLD FRIENDS? SO YUM KNOW YUM CAN TELL HOW ABSENT-MINDED I AM, DON'T YUM?

SHORE IS THAT HOW COVE YUM GOT SO BATTERED UP?

(ROAN) YES! LAST NIGHT...

...I PUT THE CAT TO BED AND KICKED MYSELF DOWN THE STAIRS!



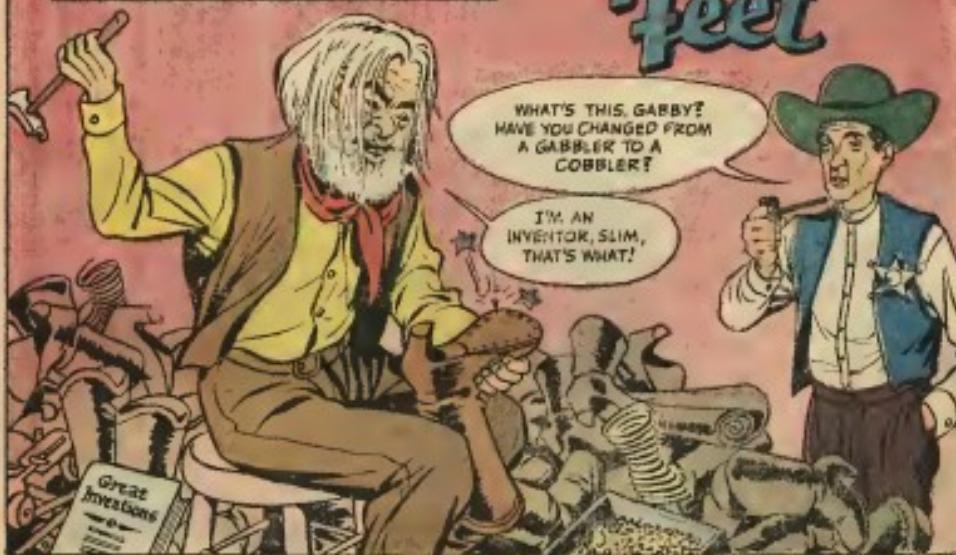
## MUSIC LOVING LORING



# GABBY HAYES

## in *Frantic Feet*

SHERIFF SLIM DAGGLE stops by the BAR NOTHING RANCH one morning to find Gabby Hayes oddly occupied...



# GABBY HAYES

In town, Gabby meets the shoe tycoons...



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES



# GABBY HAYES

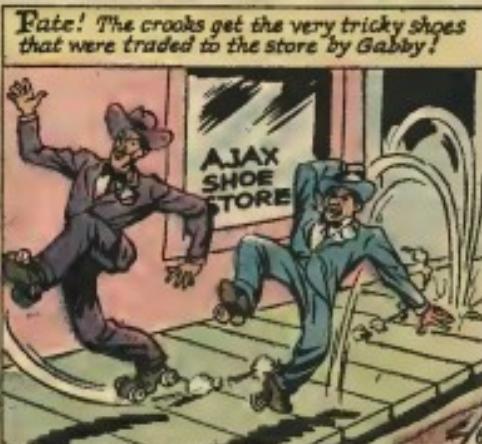


# GABBY HAYES

Gabby finally gets his own shoes under control long enough to take them off and returns...



Dejected, the inventor decides to get rid of his last remaining trick shoes...



# GABBY HAYES

The crooks learn how to maneuver the "magic" shoes, which help them to outrun the law!



The con men are koyed, but Gabby has a hard head!



GABBY! YEH CAUGHT SLICK AND QUICK, THE CON MEN! YEH'LL GIT THE \$1,000 REWARD!

YIPPEE!

\$1,000! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY MORE INVENTING!



# GABBY HAYES

# HILL BILLY

FOR SHAME!



